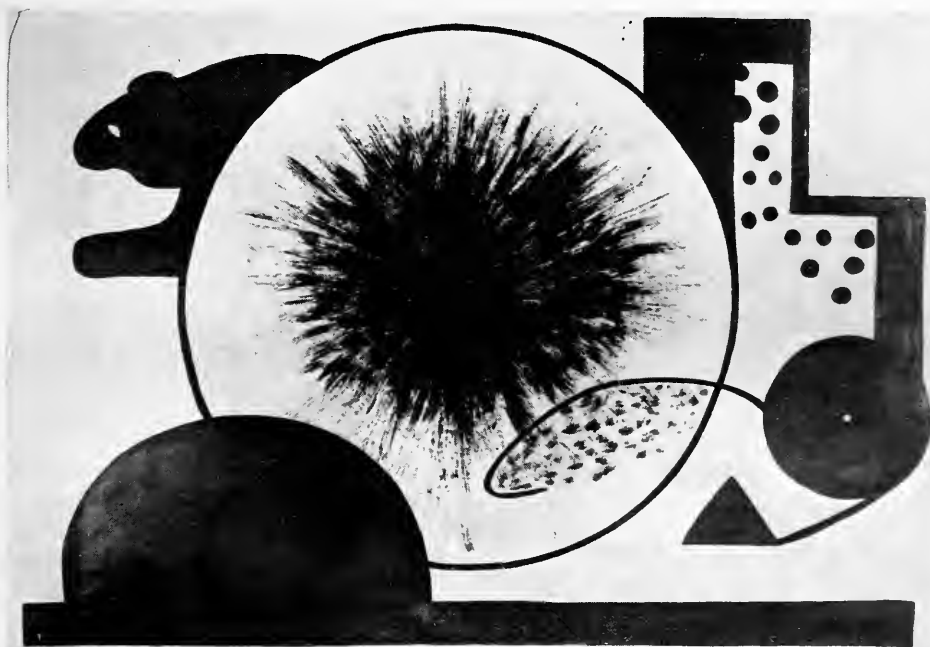


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# "Why I choose Camels..."

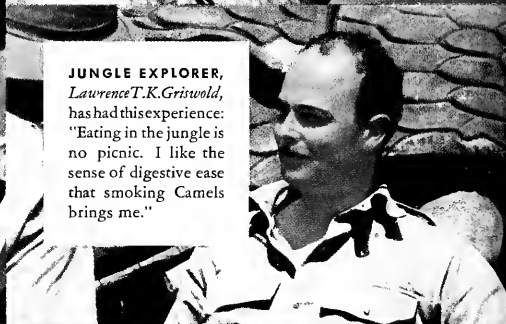


**NAT'L OPEN GOLF CHAMPION**, record-smashing *Tony Manera*, says: "I had healthy nerves and good digestion on my side. Naturally I would. I'm a hearty Camel smoker. Camels don't get on my nerves. And 'For digestion's sake—smoke Camels' hits the ball right on the nose. When I enjoy Camels, I feel cheered up, enjoy my food more, and have a feeling of ease."

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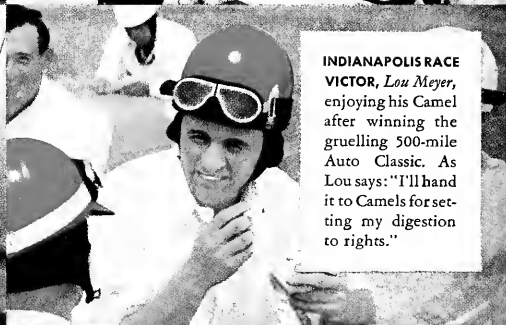
**GLOBE-CIRCLING REPORTER**, *Miss Dorothy Kilgallen*. She carried Camels on her record dash. "I ate all kinds of food," she says, "but Camels helped to keep my digestion tuned up."



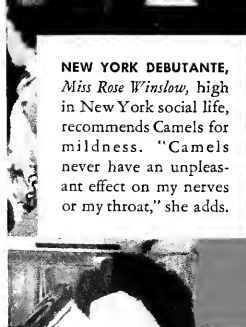
**JUNGLE EXPLORER**, *Lawrence T.K. Griswold*, has had this experience: "Eating in the jungle is no picnic. I like the sense of digestive ease that smoking Camels brings me."



**SIR HUBERT WILKINS**, knighted for his scientific feats in both the Arctic and Antarctic, says: "Where I've gone, Camels have gone. Camels are my stand-by. I find Camels add gusto to my meals."



**INDIANAPOLIS RACE VICTOR**, *Lou Meyer*, enjoying his Camel after winning the gruelling 500-mile Auto Classic. As Lou says: "I'll hand it to Camels for setting my digestion to rights."



**NEW YORK DEBUTANTE**, *Miss Rose Winslow*, high in New York social life, recommends Camels for mildness. "Camels never have an unpleasant effect on my nerves or my throat," she adds.



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# "CAMELS SET ME RIGHT"—STEADY SMOKERS SAY

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REDWOOD—FIGURE—JESSIE DOUGLAS

# "Tramp Transfigured"

By ELIZABETH BROWN

It is well known that Eugene O'Neill, winner of the Nobel award for literary excellence in 1936, spent his youth wandering and usually destitute. If it were not well known, those reading certain of his plays would question the authenticity of his representations; and if curious enough, they would learn that O'Neill has written largely from his own experience—experience unpremeditated, an acquiescence to chance, rather than the deliberate seeking of an ambitious young writer, such as Richard Halliburton indulges—and as such it is more true to life; for, dreaming no future, O'Neill could not have tinted his observations of his environment with the interpretive coloring of the conscious onlooker. He lived the life he dramatizes.

Eugene O'Neill is listed in *Who's Who* for 1936 quite methodically as "O'Neill, Eugene (Gladstone). Dramatic author: b. New York, 16 Oct. 1888." After that his three wives are mentioned, as well as his various clubs, and his past. The latter is tactfully obscure in the continental nicety of polite biography. It denotes him as "formerly engaged in commerce: spent two years at sea." *Who's Who* in America (1936-37) is more elucidating: "Successively in various lines of business in U. S., Central and South America; at sea two years: actor in vaudeville version of 'Monte Cristo,' and reporter on the New London (Conn.) *Telegraph*; devoted attention to playwriting since 1914." The sources agree that he was at sea two years. And one need only read a little American slang into the statement to make it a complete explanation of his life during that period.

From 1909 to 1914 Eugene O'Neill abandoned himself to the way of a tramp. Late in 1909 he went with a mining engineer to Spanish Honduras, in Central America, on a gold-prospecting trip, but he contracted tropical fever and was sent home without the expected gold. O'Neill denies the influence of any romantic glamour in the expedition, yet he must have been susceptible to the exotic backgrounds and people of the country. He is a lover both of beauty and

of realism; undoubtedly he saw each there, and he could not have ignored them.

When he returned home, his father, James O'Neill, was playing in *The White Sister* with Viola Allen, and Eugene accepted the position of assistant manager of the company. For three subsequent months he toured with them from St. Louis to Boston, was rather disinterested in the work, and embarked on his first sea voyage soon after the season ended.

He was signed on a Norwegian barque for a sixty-five day trip from Boston to Buenos Aires. In South America he had a variety of jobs—first with the Westinghouse Company, then with Swift at La Plata, and finally, again in Buenos Aires, with the Singer Company—but he either walked out in boredom, or was discharged from each. Evidently his engagements in "commerce" did not appeal to his talents. He worked when he had to—if he could find work—to pay for board, room, and liquor; between jobs he hung about the waterfront "hobnobbing" with the downs-and-outs, the outcasts, not because he foresaw that knowing them would provide him with valuable copy, but because he was something of an outcast himself—a gentleman of the roads. Yet his bumming did not designate him as a hopeless failure; since he had never set himself a course he could not have lost his way.

In 1911 O'Neill shipped for New York on a British tramp steamer. "In New York," he says, "I lived at Jimmy the Priest's, a waterfront dive, with a back room where you could sleep with your head on the table if you bought a schooner of beer . . . Jimmy the Priest's certainly was a hell hole . . . It was awful. The house was almost coming down and the principal house wreckers were vermin. I was absolutely down, financially, those days, and you can get an idea of the kind of room I had when I tell you that the rent was three dollars a month. One roommate of mine jumped out of the window." Incidentally, the play *Anna Christie* is based on his experiences and observations there—particularly the bar, which is a direct description of the one at Jimmy the Priest's.

He spent his time slouching about the waterfront, as in Buenos Aires, picking up an occasional job; and finally made another voyage, this time to Southampton on the American liner, New York.

Some time after he returned, O'Neill won an appreciable sum of money gambling, gave a wild party, and revived later on a through train for New Orleans. How and why he picked New Orleans, nobody knows, but it happened that his father was playing *Monte Cristo* there, so he appealed for fare home, and was offered the alternative of going back to New York by his own wits or of joining up with the troupe as an actor. He made his first appearance on the stage in Ogden, Utah, in the rather unimportant role of jailer. On a few other occasions O'Neill played minor parts, but he showed little ability, possibly from lack of enthusiasm. Even now, though he reads plays, he has no interest in staging, and only once or twice has seen his own work enacted. He prefers not to risk seeing it mutilated.

From his temporary sojourn on the stage O'Neill passed to the newspaper, beginning work on the *Telegraph* in New London, as a cub reporter. He did regular reporting and also contributed verse to a column. His reporting was accurate, but his verse, though neatly satiric usually, was more rhythmical than artistic. But for the six months he held the position he was happy, absorbed in his work—probably for the first time—and associated more fortunately and congenially than before. Too, he made friends with his editor, who was really the first man to have faith in his possibilities. "He thought I had something to say and believed I could say it," as O'Neill puts it.

The editor, Frederick P. Latimer, described the O'Neill of that time as "... different. I thought it astonishing how keen was his wit, what a complete iconoclast he was, how richly he sympathized with the victims of man-made distress, how his imagination was running high as the festering skies above Ye Ancient Mariner; his descriptions strong and his spirit hot to produce something worth while for the sake of its own value and in utter scorn of its commercial value or conventional fame. . . . If he could only be in one of two places in a town—the church or the jail—I know where I would find him!" Mr.

Latimer infers that he would seek O'Neill in jail rather than in church, and unintentionally italicizes the playwright's violent reaction to the strict Catholicism in which he was reared. *Marco Millions*, *Dynamo*, and *Lazaurs Laughed* openly rebel against conventional or insincere religious views; in all of his plays, less pointedly, there is the same resistance to the standardized and incomplete, the same groping towards a full, individual utterance. Perhaps in sifting to the bottom of humanity O'Neill realized the need for a tangible, sympathetic beauty accessible even in depravity, such as stained-glass windows and silent-carpeted aisles have not.

O'Neill left his newspaper work under Mr. Latimer to enter a sanatorium at Gaylord Farm, at Wallingford, Connecticut. Excesses, especially in drinking, had ruined his health, and at the same time brought the turning point of his life. For O'Neill had time to consider himself in the sanatorium, and he began to write. He has held to this purpose ever since.

For a year after he was discharged from Gaylord's he rested, played, worked, and read. The reading made him realize his lack of technical information, and he took Professor Baker's "47" course in playwriting at Harvard. Much of the material on the theatre as a physical medium which Professor Baker had to teach the beginners was familiar to O'Neill, but he had much respect for the teacher's critical opinion and was greatly influenced by Baker's personality.

From Harvard he went to Greenwich Village, and thence to Provincetown where he became acquainted with the people who later founded the Provincetown Players, an organization which was instrumental in his rise to fame.

Three times Eugene O'Neill has won the Pulitzer award for literature, and in 1936 he received the Nobel prize, greatest of literary honors, which only one American before him had won. There are critics who hold that O'Neill is no artist, that his receiving the Nobel prize has relaxed the standard of excellence heretofore demanded of a winner. On the other hand there are those who stoutly maintain that O'Neill has changed the whole course of the modern theatre. But, under any circumstances, it must be admitted that the man and his plays are discussed, in superlatives, frequently and widely. He touches many, and that quality in itself is a component of greatness.

Whether O'Neill could have written into his characters' lives the truth that he has without the background of his own life can not be said. Whether he might have continued to drift if ill health had not anchored him cannot be

determined. But it is certain that the five months period of reflection he spent in Gaylord's sanatorium was the interval in which O'Neill, the tramp, metamorphosed into Eugene O'Neill, the Nobel prize winner.

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## HIDING

*Why does my tongue utter so deliriously  
Trivial, foolish things, mad nothings?  
It is because it fears that silence will  
Push back the brown impenetrable curtain  
From my eyes, and reveal the self that hides  
    within,  
That shrinking soul that dreads the world to  
    see  
Its useless passion for beauty,  
Its hopeless ache for happiness,  
That wild, wild beating of its wings,  
That straining for freedom.  
Hide it, then, with spoken trifles and  
Set a glint of laughter in the eyes  
To dazzle and defeat the world's gaze.*

SYBIL GURLEY

# On The Third Day

By LILLIAN PUGH

The chapel of the Convent of Sainte Marguerite in Normandy was tiny and delicately decorated—its golden chalices and exquisite statuary as yet undespoiled by the waves of republican frenzy which swept over France, manifesting itself in one way by the destruction of churches and the slaughter of their guardians. The year 1790 had seen the passage of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, restricting both regular and secular, but this had not seriously affected the nuns of Sainte Marguerite, who had been drawn for centuries from the rich and poor alike of that remote region of France. Under the protection of the powerful Lords of Loignac it had thrived and had become noted far and wide for the purity and beauty of its white-garbed sisters.

By the spring of 1792, the patience and faith of the loyal nuns had been tried sorely by the desertion of several of their number who had succumbed to the lure of the new, exciting outer world that was revolutionary France. The fields belonging to the Order were idle because the peasants would no longer give service, while the number of nuns was reduced further by death. No eager virgin had presented herself to the Mother Superior for admittance in several years; one novice only was left, and she was Cecile, the youngest daughter of the House of Loignac who had been educated from childhood by the good sisters.

It was she who knelt motionless before the marble figurine of the Madonna. In the flickering light of the candles which alone lit the dim sanctuary, the Queen of Heaven seemed almost to breathe—so lifelike was the sculptor's skill with the flesh-colored stone. Cecile was completely lost in rapturous contemplation of the Mother's tender sorrowful features as she repeated the endless Ave Marias. So oblivious was she of everything except her communion with the understanding Mother of God, that she did not hear the tumult and sounds of destruction and violence outside.

Only when the heavy double doors were rudely thrown open did she rise and turn around to find out the reason for the intrusion. She stood for a moment in puzzled silence until the menacing manner of the crowd of peasants and villagers made her realize her peril. Turning in panic-stricken haste towards the altar, she stumbled over the voluminous folds of her flowing habit and fell prone to the floor. Before she could rise again, she was pulled to her feet by rough hands.

"What do you want with me?" she cried as she struggled to free herself. "Have you no respect for God's church even if you have none for one of God's servants?" she added in a pleading tone.

One of the rougher looking members of the mob attired in a red cap and blue jeans spoke up, "What do you suppose we'll do with you blood-suckers—friends of the aristos and thieves of the people's land!"

Another, obviously the leader of the group, interrupted, "It's about time we did something to these stiff-necked aristocrats besides slitting their throats!"

"Have pity! Holy Mother, it's Good Friday eve!" the novice begged.

"So it is; that gives me an idea. Comrades, shall we honor this daughter of God with a death appropriate to the day?" he inquired.

The men were not sure of his meaning but they soon seized upon the idea with glee as he added, "Why not crucify her? She'll enjoy a death like her Master's."

Only one made a movement of protest, then thought the better of it. He was more neatly and better dressed than the rest and seemed to hold himself rather scornfully apart from the rougher mob.

In the meantime, Cecile had slipped involuntarily to her knees and was being supported by two peasants. She began sobbingly "Pater noster qui . . ." Then she appealed, "It is sacrilege; do



not mock God. Believe me, I do not fear the torture; but I beg you do not do this impious thing."

"Find the boards and nails quickly; we have no time to waste," ordered Pierre, the one who had taken command before.

In a few minutes the crucifix was put together on the floor before the great altar in front of the gold cross of Christ Crucified. The victim was roughly thrown onto the rough boards; then together with many coarse remarks on the part of the men, her soft hands and feet were nailed to the cross. Thereupon they raised it up and propped it against the altar.

The one who had remained aloof at this point, seeing that the crowd was becoming restless and was looking about for more devilment, called to Pierre in a commanding tone, "Come, that's enough here; there's other work to be done at the chateau. The others have fired the rest of the monastery by now."

"That's right, Crillon; we must wipe out all the enemies of the Republic before they can organize against us," Pierre agreed.

After the men had been marshalled together from their looting of the precious vessels and other ornaments of the chapel, Crillon said, "I have business to attend to in Villemont; you can carry on. Remember our meeting at the inn at the usual time."

Pierre hesitated a moment but his unspoken objections were silenced by the determined stare of his apparent superior. Then the mob filed out with Pierre and Crillon bringing up the rear. When they reached the main road, the band of ruffians led by Pierre went to the right, while Crillon proceeded in the opposite direction.

Even before five minutes elapsed the slim figure of Crillon hurried into the church. All was silent because the survivors of the burning of the convent had escaped to the homes of friendly peasants or into the woods. He almost ran down the aisle to the altar and proceeded hastily to lift down the cross with its unconscious burden. He heaved a sigh of relief when he found that she still breathed, all the while silently cursing himself for his cowardice of a few minutes ago. He partially vindicated himself by thinking that if he had interfered both might have perished; also there were his ambitions to control the district for the Republic—

then who knows where he might go from there, perhaps even to Paris. For Crillon was the local head of the Jacobins in Villemont and the Jacobins were already a power in the Convention.

After freeing her as gently as possible from the cross and staunching the flow of blood from her wounds, he took her in his arms and carried her out of the chapel to his own home on the outskirts of the village.

All through that night and for the next two days Cecile lay in a coma with Crillon and his old housekeeper, whom he had pledged to secrecy, taking turns nursing her. He dared not call in a doctor, for feeling was running too high in the district to risk being found out.

Finally on the third day, she came out of her unconscious state long enough to recognize her strange surroundings and to ask where she was.

"Child," the old woman said, "it's Easter morn. Christ has preserved you on the day of His resurrection."

All at once all the sickening details of the crucifixion came back to Cecile and she sank back into unconsciousness. The housekeeper quickly called Crillon who was asleep and told him of Cecile's awakening.

"You're a fool," he raged. "You shouldn't have mentioned Christ, the Church or any other damn thing. She is in too dangerous a state to be upset in any way."

He waited by her bedside until she again came to in the afternoon. Then he spoke very gently, "Do not be afraid; you're with friends. Just be quiet and take a long rest. My name is Francois Crillon and this is Suzanne, my housekeeper."

"Oh, but I must go back to the Convent. They must be looking for me," she pleaded.

"I'm afraid that's impossible now; you're much too weak. Tell me what your name is."

"Cecile," she said shyly, then added, "Loignac."

"Loignac! but you're a nun of Sainte Marguerite. Isn't that so?"

"Not a nun yet, but soon I hope. My father was killed by an assassin in Paris a year ago because he opposed the reforms."

Crillon felt a sinking feeling inside. Not only a nun but also an aristocrat! He was done for if she were found in his house. He must burn the

habit and try to make her as little like a nun as possible. But how? One couldn't get over her appearance—innocent blue eyes, pale white skin and shy manner. And he was already too deep in this mess to get out; besides he had become extremely interested in this strange girl. She must not find out that he was involved in that pillaging on Good Friday Eve at any cost.

As the days passed she grew stronger, in body, but yet more bewildered in mind. She was unable to reconcile her presence in Crillon's home with her strict cloistered convent life although she understood perfectly when he explained to her the perilous situation as well as the fact that the convent was still deserted. Moreover, Cecile had become obsessed with the idea that God had shown her especial favor by her miraculous rescue and preservation. It troubled her sorely that she was actually enjoying her stay in the outside world and so she spent many secret hours in tortured prayer.

One day as the burden of her omnipresent conscience was becoming too heavy to bear, she fell to her knees and pleaded, "Dear God, guide and help me to do Thy will. Since Thou hast protected and defended me from my enemies, give me courage to serve Thee for the rest of my life. Direct my footsteps in the right path. Dear Sainte Marguerite and Cecile, intercede on my behalf with Jesus if I have sinned in remaining away from the convent."

It was thus that Crillon found her a few minutes later as she repeated the Pater Nosters and Ave Marias on her rosary. He had come back from a stormy meeting of the Jacobin Club in which some of his pet ideas had been scoffed at and overruled and he was in no mood for the request which Cecile made of him.

She jumped to her feet, and not noticing his annoyed look, stated, "I've come to a decision. I can't thank . . ."

"What in the deuce are you talking about? And another thing I'd wish you would remember is that this is no church that you should be down on your knees all the time," he interrupted.

She drew back in offended dignity, "I was just about to thank you for your protection and to tell you that I must go back to the Convent. There is nothing else I can do."

"And what do I get for my pains? I didn't go

back to the Church and bring you here, risking my neck, for nothing!"

"You went back! Francois, you don't mean that you saw them do that to me and didn't try to stop them?" she cried out in horror.

He realized too late what irreparable damage he had done by his rash statement and knew it would be useless to deny it. Instead he said lamely, "I couldn't do anything. Starving people won't brook any opposition when they've once started on something like that."

"Oh, don't bother to excuse yourself. I forgive, as I hope God will, but I must leave immediately."

"Please reconsider; the monasteries and convents are doomed to destruction eventually—it's only a matter of days or months. Besides, I need you; don't you realize that I love you?"

"Oh, but that's sacrilege; I have promised myself to Christ. I had no idea that you thought of aught but my safety. God has given me this sign of his favor; I can do no other but return to His house."

He looked at her despairingly for a moment, then said half to himself, "God knows I wouldn't want to live with a saint!" Averting his face, he spoke to Cecile, "I know where your Mother Superior and several other nuns have taken refuge. I will carry you there tomorrow if you will but wait."

She hesitated a moment and then agreed. On the following day, he escorted her to the town of St. Nazaire where the convent had escaped looting and destruction. After carefully explaining to the priest and Mother Superior of Cecile's convent to their complete satisfaction the details of her harrowing experience and the innocence of her sojourn at his house, he left with an abrupt "Adieu, sister, may God justly reward your devout spirit."

Received back into the fold with open arms by her sister nuns, Cecile slipped back into the routine of prayers, fasting and study. Although she was regarded with reverence by everyone, she became more dissatisfied and confused as the months rolled by. She came to realize more clearly that she was no saint and her thoughts went back to those freer happy days at the cottage with Crillon. She hardly admitted it to herself, but she was bored with the sameness of convent life and she missed the stimulating conver-

sations with Crillon which she hadn't dreamed she might regard later with nostalgia. Often she had not understood his ravings about the Republic, Rights of Man and Equality, but now she eagerly seized upon any news that seeped through the walls of the cloister concerning the outside world.

Since Saint Nazaire was in a territory not radically Republican or anti-Catholic, the convent where the remnants of several different orders had gathered remained unmolested throughout the period of the Great Terror which terminated in the fall of Robespierre on the ninth of Thermidor. After this a period of moderate reaction set in and the Mother Superior thought it safe for the nuns to return to Sainte Marguerite. Cecile sought every opportunity to communicate with Crillon after they arrived at the partially ruined cloister, but was unsuccessful.

During the confusion of settling down and rebuilding the convent, she slipped out one day to seek him. The time was approaching for her to take her final vows and to be received irrevocably into the Order. She had become more and more certain that she would be happier and of more service with him than inside the walls. Hastening to the cottage where he lived, Cecile was relieved to find the housekeeper there, but was startled by her rude reception.

"Well, what are you doing snooping around here? Didn't you cause enough damage last time?" snarled the old woman.

"What do you mean? Tell me: where is Crillon?"

"He's dead, if you must know—killed by the royalist agents last month, though you were as much to blame as they. After you deserted him, he went crazy and became hated and feared by the whole countryside because he condemned so many to the revolutionary tribunal."

Cecile looked at her stupidly for a moment, slowly put her head in her hands and stumbled out the door. She made for the convent blindly, like a child running away from something in the dark back to its mother's arms. Reaching the chapel door, she went inside and knelt again before the Madonna.

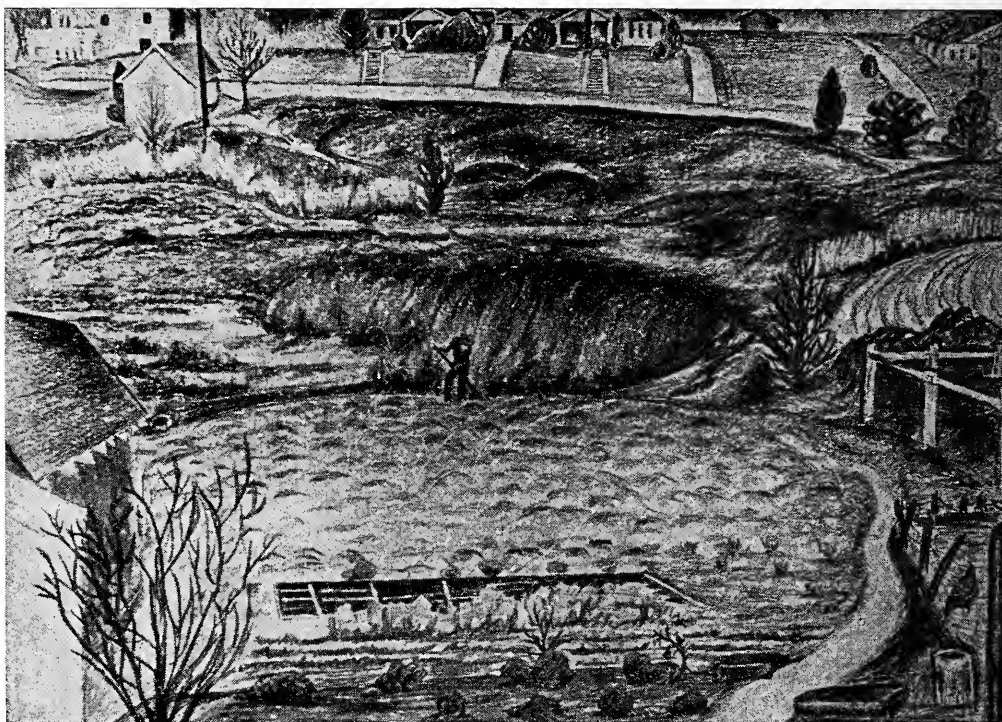
"To think that I might have helped him find happiness. Holy Mary, intercede for me in Heaven; beg thy divine Son to forgive my crime," she sobbed, as she rested her head on the altar rail. "Jesus, forgive his sins and rest his soul in peace; I will atone the rest of my life for my sins."

As the Mother Superior entered the chapel, she heard only the last words. Her features softened as Cecile turned her tear-streaked face appealingly towards her.

"My child," she said, "all of us have felt as you when we were about to take the final vows. Make your peace with God; I think perhaps the time is ripe for you to become the bride of Christ. Everything will be ready in a day or so."

"Yes, Mother, I am ready—now."

On the third day, Cecile, attired in snow-white garments, went before the altar, took her final irrevocable vows and forever afterwards remained passively within the walls.



"THE GARDEN"—LITHOGRAPH—MIRIAM SLOAN

# Mary Webb and Miss Mattfield

By SHEILA CORLEY

My attention was first drawn to Mary Webb when at fourteen I heard Miss Mattfield speak of her at dinner to the older girls. As a rule we younger ones who were still struggling with composition and geometry merely listened to these discussions and patiently waited for a lull in the conversation to ask for the potatoes. Three of my four years at boarding school were enriched by the seemingly fathomless source of Miss Mattfield's knowledge, choice bits of which were imparted during meals, and which frequently served to divert our thoughts from the unpalatable fare at hand.

But, if I find myself wading nostalgically back into those years instead of confining myself to Mary Webb, it is because she is intricately knitted into the fabric of them. A. Edward Newton (for whom I have completely abandoned Christopher Morley) calls her one of the greatest women writers in English literature. My friend Miss Mattfield never proclaimed such a fact, nor should I, had I the authority to do so. She is too much a writer for the selected—for those who have a dash of the Celt in them which bespeaks a certain emotional unrestraint and a wild abandon of fancy. She is a possible "doppelganger" of Emily Bronte, and there is no other writer to whom she might be readily compared.

When Miss Mattfield told me indulgently that perhaps I was too young for Mary Webb, I earned a withering look by quietly replying: "If I am, I'll find it out for myself." So the next day I drew the *Golden Arrow* out of the library, reading it through that night much to the detriment of my eyes as I had to creep under the bed with a candle to escape the confounded rule about lights out at nine-thirty. Of course the under-current of its love interest was lost to me then, but I reveled in the description of the Welsh landscape and my hard little adolescent heart was touched by a vague sorrow. I forgot that my reason for reading the book lay in the fact that it dangled before me like forbidden fruit. And I didn't find the things that a child

of fourteen generally expects to discover in a book considered too mature for him. My reaction was partly bewilderment and partly wonder. A new lovely world was there just opening. A note had been struck somewhere that I had never heard before. My transition from the fairy tale age to one of a deeper understanding of the looms of the imagination had been a painful muddle. I had read every sort of thing indiscriminately from Dickens to cheap magazines without forming predilections for any of them. But here in the books of this little known and badly neglected English novelist, I had discovered perhaps as much of myself as of her.

Mary Webb was born Gladys Mary Meredith in 1881 at the village of Leighton in Shropshire. It is interesting to note that the main influence in her youthful poems and essays was A. E. Housman, her fellow shiresman. The wife of a poor schoolmaster, Henry Webb, she lived in almost unbelievable poverty and hardship. Ellery Sedgewick in a letter to A. E. Newton says: "In her pinched and hungry little flat, she had spread her tea table with buns which I well knew had made inroads into her last shilling, and which choked me as I ate them . . . She herself was worn to the bone, and into it, I think, for she had not long to live." During the war she tried to add a few crowns to their income by the sale of flowers in Shrewsbury market, nine miles away. She walked both ways, rising at 3 o'clock in the morning in order that her stock would be fresh when she reached her stall. Yet, hard as it was, I cannot feel that this life was entirely pathetic. Mary Webb must have had an independence of soul that was impregnable to her physical surroundings. Her isolation from the world had given her that exquisite melancholy which belongs to the youngest of real poets.

Still she kept on writing and slowly drew a small public around her. Her books are not easy to find everywhere. *Precious Bane* and the *Golden Arrow* are more accessible, but *Gone to Earth* is her most haunting book. There is very little one could say regarding *Gone to Earth* as,

in so doing, one's ends would defeat themselves; but I am content to say that it is one of the most tragic and beautiful books that I have ever read. The fine spun fantasy is as ephemeral and delicate as the mist on grape bloom. It exists not for actuality's sake but to rekindle the credulity of such things in the mind. *Precious Bane*, called by some her most important work, is a tragedy of the soil narrated in the first person in Shropshire dialect. With all her rich sensuousness of description, Mary Webb nevertheless betrays her innate puritanism by her obsession with the battle between flesh and spirit. But the essence of the beauty of her language bursts forth in such a passage as this:

"As they came to the northerly side of the

table-land, Caer Carodoc loomed terrific, gashed with shadow, like a wounded giant gathered for a spring. John dreamed upon it all, leaning on his silken-gray staff of mountain ash."

Or again as in the paragraph where she describes the shooting stars "like shot birds falling into water."

Not unlike most painters and like some writers, Mary Webb began to be well known only after her death. And still her works exist in an undeserved obscurity. It is the strain of the unusual that leaves them in the hands of collectors, of students of literary bypaths, and of those with an appetite for less indigenous food. And consequently her books are infinitely more precious to their discoverers.

## The Heliotrope

Heaven has heard the love-lorn sighs  
Of the heliotrope, for now it lies  
Nestled in Julie's raven tresses.  
Apollo's forgotten while it professes  
The only Heaven is in her eyes,  
For whose dazzling rays—the arrows of Love—  
He has quit the light of the upper skies,  
Since her radiance dims the sun above.

—*From the French of Montausier.*

—REBECCA PRICE.

## Madrigal

In her presence may intrude  
Nothing harsh or rude.  
The garish sun conceals his rays  
Beneath the westward wave,  
Leaving a gentler star to praise  
The sober sweetness of her ways,  
A form with every grace endowed,  
A look more chaste than proud.

—*From the French of Cotin.*

—REBECCA PRICE.

# THE EMPTY CUP

By MARIE SETTE

Inez walked rapidly down the street away from the subway toward the hospital. It was cold and rainy and her feet scarcely felt the asphalt she trod upon. It was almost seven and she had to stop at the Chinese laundry for her uniforms. The one she had worn last night was badly rumpled and soiled. What a night it had been — hectic, chaotic! That emergency appendix had been a hell-cat to keep in bed; that suicide had unnerved her, but that nine year old who had fallen down the elevator shaft had been unspeakably tragic. Inez shuddered and drew her coat closer to her weary self. That poor child! She had ruptured every vital organ of her body. How white, how still she had looked! How cold and clammy her hand had been! Inez shivered again and quickened her steps. She needed a change; she was tired, very tired. It was getting more difficult to sleep days and work nights. She would speak to the superintendent again; perhaps this time Miss Deane would relent and put her on day duty. She had been unstrung lately. Even her patients had noticed the change. Yes, she must see Miss Deane in the morning.

Engrossed in her thoughts Inez failed to see the young man who approached her. He was almost upon her before she saw him. The suddenness of the encounter startled her and she stopped. She grew pale as she recognized the blonde giant who stood in her path. Her lips tried to say "Joe" but no sound escaped them.

"I've been waiting a long time," his voice broke into her confusion. "I must talk to you. Please, don't refuse me. Come, let's duck in here and get some coffee."

He took Inez's arm and led her, too overcome to say yes or no, into a small restaurant on the corner. They found seats in a booth which seemed to isolate them from the other patrons. Mechanically Inez sat and removed her gloves. She felt much like one in a dream — lifeless, helpless, caught by a mysterious, overpowering inertia. She looked up at the handsome ravaged face; and her eyes, she thought, saw a

ghost out of the past. Was this Joe? No, it couldn't be true. He had gone away months ago.

"Goodbye. I'll be back later," he had said. Later, always later but he really would come back. Only this time later meant never. Yet, she should have known. That last meeting had been different. He had been so kind, so gentle. He had taken her in his strong arms and for one glorious moment the world had been blotted out — blotted out by that memorable kiss which had enveloped them in a world of their own. He had released her quickly and the spell had been broken.

"I'll be back later." She, too, had waited a long time but he had not come. He had gone away from the hospital — from the city and no one could tell her where. Weeks later she had received a letter postmarked Des Moines, Iowa. It had been such a wonderful letter.

"I love you," he had written, "I love you because you are kind, good, and fine — too fine and I am not worthy. Yet, my weaknesses have not made you hate me or turn me away. You understood and stood by ready to help and comfort."

His weaknesses — yes — they had been his ruin. They had killed his self respect, his future. They had cost him the esteem of his colleagues — the colleagues who had prophesied for Joe a wonderful career. "He has the stuff," they had said proudly.

He had not always been weak. She remembered their first meeting. It seemed a long time past but the scene was still vividly real and near. It had happened on one of those hot, sticky, sultry nights in August. The patients had been unusually restless and petulant. One by one she had sponged them and straightened out their beds. It had not taken her very long to make them comfortable again. She had left until later the sickest one whose bed was in the corner. Harold's condition was serious and he always needed a great deal more care and attention. That night she had promised to bathe him and sponge him with alcohol after she settled

the others. He had been burning up all day, he had said, and when she had at last drawn the screens about the bed Harold had smiled gratefully. She had worked quickly, gently, and was tying the last of the Montgomery straps on Harold's mutilated chest when a drawling western voice came down to her from the top of the screen.

"Do you need any orders, Miss—er—? I don't believe I know your name."

There had been a freshness, a vigor, a joyful optimism, a soothing quality in that voice and she had been irresistibly drawn to it. Glancing up she had met the twinkling blue eyes of the new interne. She had grown suddenly shy, tongue-tied and could think of nothing to say. Yet she had wanted to hear him speak again—to be charmed again by that bubbling exuberance. He had not gone; he had remained to help her with the heavy screen. Then, as they left the ward together, she had been conscious of his height, of his broad shoulders, and of the quick, magnetic smile with which he had greeted the patients. One by one, they, too, responded to his compelling personality. She had turned off the lights and closed the doors but still she had spoken no word.

"I say, you can talk, can't you? I'm quite harmless, you know. I won't bite," he had said teasingly.

Yes—that is—no—I can talk." Silly words but even her mind had seemed mesmerized—drugged.

He had laughed and she had laughed too, and led the way to the chart-room. He had stayed a few minutes to write some orders and had gone as silently as he had come.

She had continued to catch brief glimpses of him whenever he had been on call but their encounters had been brief, impersonal, and strictly professional. Later he had lingered. They had found common interests to discuss in praise or criticism. They had grown to anticipate these midnight talks, and when he had suddenly ceased to come she had felt depressed and lonely.

Rumors had reached her of his affairs with women, of his all night parties where liquor flowed in plentiful abundance, of the wild

escapades in which he had participated—and she had wanted to cry. Then one Sunday he had been rushed to the operating room and for days he had been too ill to see anyone. But he had wanted her, Inez, and she had gone to stay with him a few minutes each night. Her visits had seemed to rest him. For two weeks he remained in bed but at the beginning of the third week he had been allowed to walk around and he had come to Ward 16 to see her. Once again they had talked in their former comradely fashion, and she had learned a great deal about his life, his ambitions, and his family.

He had continued to come after that, but she had begun to notice a change in him. His eyes had lost their clear blue freshness. They looked glazed, blood-shot. His handsome face had begun to look pouchy and sallow. His breath was always heavy with strong brandy and his hands could scarcely hold a forceps—they were so pitifully unsteady.

And she had seen her dream world tumble down upon her with ruthless vehemence. Her heart had been torn between compassion and love. She had tried to help him, to steady him. She had introduced him into her own family life—her mother and brothers. He had come once or twice and no more. Then one night in the small hours he had stumbled up the stairs to the ward and had collapsed in a chair at the desk. So profound was his drunken stupor that she could not rouse him. She had been frightened to the verge of hysteria. What to do! She could not risk having him found in that state with so much damning evidence against him already. It had been Pat, the redheaded night watchman who had helped get Joe to bed. She knew Pat would say nothing; and, besides, they were good friends, Pat and Joe; their parents had come from the same county in Ireland.

It had been difficult after that to settle down to the needs of the patients. She had done her work mechanically. How her heart had ached for that vision of broken youth and shattered ambition! She had felt powerless in the face of those destructive forces which had pulled Joe away from all the beautiful wholesomeness of real life, and from her.

Matters had been worse as the days went by. His rare histories had remained untouched—his patients had grumbled from lack of atten-



tion, the nurses had complained of his disinterest and the staff doctors had grown disgusted. Joe had not seemed to care until that awful day in the operating room. He had been out all night again and at eight o'clock he had staggered into the impeccable shining whiteness of the surgery. There from the sweltering heat and the fumes of the anaesthetic, he collapsed. Criticism and scandal had broken out with a new fury—a new biting scorn, and Joe had been asked to leave. Not that he had told her so—she had learned of it later—days later.

Now he had come back—after months of frantic worry—months of dark dreariness and emptiness—he had come back. She had but to reach out a cold hand and feel the rough tweed of his coat. She didn't; instead she leaned forward to drink the coffee which she had not heard him order. She sat back in the seat again and waited for Joe to break that heavy, brooding silence. He had not spoken since their meeting. He had merely stared at her, trying to gather courage. Now, after a nervous glance at his wrist watch he spoke.

"Inez, you look thinner. You have worried. I know you have and about me. My dear, you do love me then? Inez, will you marry me now, tonight? Will you? We'll leave New York. We'll go south or west. I'll get a job and I'll start over again—a new life. I'll make good, dear, but I need you to help me. You will come? You won't fail me?"

He paused and in that pause Inez's mind flashed back to other promises he had made—to promises which had convinced her of his inherent fineness. Yet these promises had been fragile shells—one by one he had broken them. Even this did not matter. She would gladly risk another shattered promise—if only she could go with him. But she was bound to an obligation which she could not be rid of without hurting the lives of four people very near and very dear. They needed her too—more than Joe. She could not tell him that—no—not now when he looked so eager, so dear, so sure of himself. She must think of some other way out. She loved him; she knew that. These past months of mental strain and doubt had made her love stronger—inflexible. She knew, too, that he loved her; and she would need the

knowledge of that love for solace in the hard days confronting her.

"Inez, you will come, dear?" his voice again, no longer pleading—it was hopeful—joyously expectant.

She must think of something quickly; there was not much time.

"Joe," she said gently, "I'm proud that you love me; proud that you have faith in me, and I do want you to make good. But Joe, I can't marry you. I don't love you—I've never loved you. I want to be happy, Joe, happy. For years I've wanted happiness and a full rich life. Can you offer these, Joe, can you? I'm not a pioneer woman, I can't face hardships, and pain, and uncertainty. I want to stay here in New York and live—and live—and live!"

Her voice broke on a sob and gathering up her belongings she rushed blindly from the booth leaving a dazed, broken Joe to stare into the empty cup.

MARIE SETTE.

## NIL INTEREST

*No veil have my fingers had to pluck  
From twixt me and the sun.  
I do not grieve your passionless steps  
Into oblivion.  
So light was your look and breath on me.  
A mere design, I know,  
Like an arabesque of sparrow prints  
On the new fallen snow.*

SHEILA CORLEY

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## POPPIES

Each day I pick for you frail, drowsing  
poppies—  
Blood red.  
A somber cross lurks hidden in each poppy  
heart  
And shadows all its depth.  
Each day I pick for you blood-red poppies.  
Their burning red is the passion of my love.  
The cross, the sorrow of the hours that you are  
gone.

—SYBIL GURLEY.

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## When Cynthia Feels Cynical

*Both song and dance to me are known,  
But now refused.  
Although I walk the hours alone,  
I'll not be bruised.*

*The heart that will not yield  
May soon turn cold.  
But when you pass upon a shield,  
I still am whole.*

SHEILA CORLEY



"FACTORY"—LITHOGRAPH—ROSEMARY SNYDER

# "SADDY" NIGHT

By GEORGIA ARNETT

The air was cold. It fanned its icy breath across my face. Its touch was not fresh and clean as night air usually is but dank and morbid. But I felt that even the coldest wind could not chill my heated frame. The excitement of the past hour had been as flames creeping ever nearer as if to consume me—each arm of the flame adding another degree to my temperature. And now the pangs of conscience were burning within me.

How changed everything was! What had been a virtual fairyland an hour ago was now a dungeon of torture. It could not have happened! It was all like some terrible nightmare that comes to those with wicked thoughts who dare to think them only in the oblivion of sleep. Yet I had seen it all, and the dead body lying in sight of my window was a constant reminder that I had not been dreaming. The slow, even breathing of my parents in the next room disturbed me; for each breath seemed to say "she saw, she saw," yet at the same time to assure me that no one else had seen.

Fearing to move lest one of the accusing fingers that pointed to me in the semi-darkness should be real and brush across my face, statue-like I stood gazing out of the window at the cold, dismal earth lighted only by pale white beams from the moon. Oh, if only some dark cloud would blot out that heartless moon and leave me in complete darkness, so I could not see the body. I could picture him as he would be found in the morning with his eyes still glaring, and his body cold. Oh, if he would only be found by some human before he was found by the ants and worms. Why should imagination be so cruel as to picture him thus? Yet he was there.

Found? Yes, the dead body of Nigger Bigah would be found lying in the pasture in sight of my window—lying on the stained grass with a deep gully of blood at his throat. Then there would be questions: everyone would be asking questions, and no one would be, no one could be answering them—no one but me. This

thought sent a mingling of hot and cold flurries throughout my body. I felt a gnawing at my throat—the gnawing of a rope that I alone could put around Jim's neck. I pictured his struggling form at the end of the hangman's noose, strangling, groaning, gasping, for the last breath of that life he loved so—Jim, the best servant father ever had, swinging, writhing, helpless, striving to free himself from the horrid rope while the cord clutched tighter, tighter, tighter. Then I could see looming plainly before my eyes the lifeless form of Nigger Bigah—that gash, his glaring eyes, the blood now just oozing out where it had been streaming an hour ago. Should Jim be in the same position? Should he be sprawled dead on the ground, his neck broken? I could not bear the thought. What a price to pay for revenge!

Panic stricken, I pulled my hands through my hair and pressed at my temples to ease their beat. It was hopeless—the whole vision of the evening's happenings kept recurring, racing through my head. I had gone to bed peacefully and had lain awake to dream, dream pleasant dreams as the moonlight floated down to caress my pillow. It had all been so beautiful that I had felt myself mysteriously conveyed to some strange heaven. The rolling fields of my father's farm were glittering with the first frosts of October. The corn stalks stood like diamond studded sentinels to watch over the pastures. And where the sky dipped to touch the earth its stars mingled with those in the grass. For nearly an hour I had hovered in space thinking what strange thoughts I can not remember.

Then from the distant horizon two figures approached the big house. It was not an unfamiliar sight to see Negroes stumbling across the fields, drunk after their "Saddy" night escapades in Lynntown. All the black folk for miles around gathered in that village as soon as they received their week's wages, filled up on "rot-gut" and gambled away the rest of their pay. For years the condition had been deplorable; but all the losses to the unlucky Negroes, all the

evangelistic sermons, and all the scares about the "debbil" and the ghosts of mighty saints could not stop them.

As the stumbling figures came nearer I saw that they were running as though one was chasing the other. It was Jim, I could tell by the way he held his head to one side—he always carried his head that way. Jim was chasing the tall, lanky Nigger Bigah who strode with a characteristic limp. But he would limp no more—not where he lay, cold and damp on the frosty earth.

I watched them innocently as they approached and listened intently to a jumble of voices growing less and less faint. Drunk? They were both crazed with poisonous boot-leg liquor. Jim chased Bigah over the hill with a torrent of curse words, and Bigah not sure of his footing on the rapid decline, stumbled. Jim pounced upon him, drew a knife and plunged it into Nigger Bigah's throat yelling "You fool nigger, that'll learn you to use loaded dice." There was a flurry of cursings, a groan, and Bigah rolled down the hill. I had wanted to scream, but had muffled it. The family must not be awakened yet—not until I had thought the murder over.

I tried to reason: Bigah, after all was not one of ours. His mysterious visits from the city over week-ends and his high winnings at dice had long been a disconcerting element among our men. But his city ways had provoked an admiration and awe of him. No one dared question his integrity. Jim had seen he was a cheat, that he had virtually robbed every hand on the plantation of his meagre earnings—and so the knife in Bigah's throat, and so the ruthless, unnecessary murder was done. Which was guilty of the greater crime?

Guilty, guilty, guilty! I could hear the judge's sentence over and over. It rang through my head like a death knell. My ears roared as though filled with some mighty engine grinding away at my brain. Why was I born with a conscience? Could I endure another minute of this? Now my body tingled as though prodded by a million little devils, some saying "Yes, Nigger Bigah has been playing with loaded dice, but that could have been stopped short of death. You fool, could you let a man guilty of murder, guilty of

slashing the throat of his fellow man, guilty of the horrible death of the man who lies before you—could you let a man guilty of this live?" And others were saying "Could you finish wrecking the life of a whole family—a family robbed by that scoundrel Bigah? Jim's children need their father and Jim's wife needs him. Besides, is not Bigah's death a good riddance for Lynntown?"

The cocks were crowing louder and more frequently. The moon had set and there was a faint glow in the east. The coming of the day aroused within me an unbearable fear. Soon the farm hands would be stirring, soon father would be up, and soon,—oh, far too soon—the body would be found. And in my hands—I tried to lie back and feign sleep—in my hands lay the fate of Jim. Should I tell? Should I let them know that I was a witness? Should I say that I saw Jim commit the murder?

I heard a rustling in father's room. He was up and dressing.

—GEORGIA ARNETT.

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## MEDITATION

Towering far above my head—pines  
Hovering higher still—clouds  
Higher than clouds—what  
Perhaps Heaven?

Beneath my feet—pine needles  
Below the needles—earth  
Lower still—what  
Perhaps Hell?

But beneath the Heavens  
Above the Hell—life  
In life—souls  
Which lead us  
To Heaven?  
To Hell?

—CAROLJEAN BRECKENRIDGE.

## Beneath The Stars



I've lain and dreamt a thousand things  
Beneath the stars at night:  
Of caravans on the desert  
In silent, stealthy flight;  
Of moonlight on mysterious shores  
Where white men never roam,  
But dusky maidens dance and sing  
Beneath a tropic moon;  
Of sunlight warm on forest floors,  
Beneath majestic pines;  
Of jungles filled with strange wild flowers  
And sinister, creeping vines;  
Of rushing foaming torrents,  
And veils of falling spray;  
Of wind and wave and grey-white sand,  
And white sails on the bay—  
A thousand things I've dreamed at night  
While stars their watches kept,  
And life moved on in surging throbs;  
But other people slept.  
—FRANCES ROSS MULLICAN.

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ROAD—  
LITHOGRAPH—  
ELIZABETH ALDRICH



# BOOK REVIEW

Business in the Reading Room these days is apparently rather brisk, in its own quiet way. This department feels that it deserves a small share of credit, since it gave the Reading Room chairs such an inviting advertisement in the fall issue of *Coraddi*. I must apologize for slighting the couches, which seem to be even more inviting; the last time I dropped into the Reading Room I found a freshman sweetly reclining on one of them as she turned through the U. S. Camera portfolio.

However, I must admit that the room has other drawing-cards besides those I press-agented. Many of the new books are quite alluring, both in binding and in content.

Perhaps the best-looking of the new arrivals is the large, thin volume, *A Carolina Rice Plantation of the Fifties*, which appears to me to be, from my layman's point of view, a fine piece of bookmaking. It is in three divisions: a group of illustrations by Alice Ravenel Huger Smith; "The Rice Coast: Its Story and Its Meaning," by Herbert Ravenel Sass; and "A Plantation Boyhood," from the unpublished memoirs of D. E. Huger Smith. This is obviously a family affair.

Alice Smith was born just at the close of the Reconstruction period in South Carolina. She has throughout her life been painting the vanishing marks of the once great rice industry; thirty of her water-color sketches supply the illustrations for this volume. These prints are remarkably good, both in themselves and as illustrations. They picture various aspects of life on the great rice plantations—Sunday morning at the great house, the parish church, the plantation church, the settlement, and the whole process of rice cultivation from the preparation of the fields for planting through the loading of the grain onto a "rice schooner." In addition there are several sketches, such as "The Grove of Oaks," "The Reserve in Winter," "A

Salt Creek," and "A Winter Field," of a lonely, almost fantastic beauty.

The second section is something of an anticlimax, being rather like a sparsely-footnoted master's thesis. I do not wish to be unjust; this study is intelligent and well done, but it lacks the appeal and general interest of the pictures and thus suffers by its nearness to them.

In his first chapter Mr. Sass cites the purpose of the whole book: "... the life of the Carolina rice plantation . . . came in the 1850's to its fullest flowering; and certain aspects of that life in its strong and fine maturity this book attempts to picture and in some sort interpret." He goes on to describe the eleven "rice rivers" and several of the great plantations. He gives a detailed account of the management of the crop. Then he delves into the significance of the Rice Coast and the plantation regime, and finds it in the form of democracy which developed in South Carolina. This he calls a "modified reincarnation of the ancient Greek ideal," a form of government in which manhood suffrage and property-holding checked each other, while the responsibility of government was largely kept among those who had shown themselves capable. This section of the book should hold some interest for a student of the backgrounds of Southern literature.

The last section, "A Plantation Boyhood," is much easier to read. Here we have a first-hand account of everyday life on a rice plantation, written in a simple and quietly humorous style that is refreshing after Mr. Sass' scholarly discourse. The closing sentence puts an eloquent end to boyhood: "When I became seventeen I enlisted in the Confederate Army."

Librarians mourn over an attractive binding such as that on Prince Peter Lieven's *The Birth of Ballets—Russes*, which is a beautiful, dirty-hand-inviting cream with four horizontal red lines. This department's sudden interest in the make-up of books is occasioned by the Reading Room's recent exhibit. But there is a great deal more to this *The Birth of Ballets—Russes* than its lovely face. I have read other books dealing with the subject, but none so informative or so engrossing as this.

At the end of the nineteenth century there arose in Russia something called "Mir Iskustva." What was it? "There was certainly a journal of that name, there were exhibitions, there was a

society; but it would be nearer the truth to call Mir Iskustva a movement, a group of young enthusiasts, with Diaghileff at the head, banded together to strive for their artistic ideals." This group of young enthusiasts contained the germ of what the Western world was to know as the Russian Ballet: Diaghileff, the "man of achievement"; Alexandre Benois, the "artistic driving power," and Leon Bakst, the scenic technician. Later they were joined by other great names—Stravinsky, the choreographer; Fokine, the ballerina Karsavina, Nijinsky.

Lieven traces the evolution of the Ballets Russes, emphasizing the difference between them and the old Imperial Russian Ballet. He devotes whole chapters to detailed portraits of Diaghileff, Benois, Bakst, Fokine, Nijinsky, Pavlova and Karsavina. Particularly interesting are his accounts of the creation and execution of various well-known ballets such as "Les Sylphides," "L'Oiseau de Feu," "Petrushka," "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," and "Le Coq d'Or." He describes scenery, costumes, and people with equal ease. There is a pleasant quality in his style which is not lost in translation; and when he asks in his final chapter: "Will there be found in this book even a few words which will bring to life before the young reader some of the romanticism of those long dead years?" I, being a young reader, answer "Yes."

"What is my fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My face is your fortune, sir," she said.

Thus might Charles Dana Gibson and his "Gibson Girl" have conversed at the time of her debut in 1890; for, as Fairfax Downey states in his biography of Gibson, *Portrait of an Era*,

the girl Gibson created with his pen was to make him famous.

Charles Dana Gibson began his artistic career at five by cutting animal silhouettes; now, almost seventy, he is doing noteworthy work in oils. In between there is the long story of the life of the dean of American illustrators. Downey tells it well, in a straightforward and lively manner. As an added attraction the book is filled with Gibson drawings; one might trace his development as an artist from the illustrations alone. All together this is indeed an entertaining portrait of the era just before ours.

An unassuming little book is Matthew W. Rosa's *The Silver-Fork School*, one of a series of Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature. This modest volume, however, has much inside; there is little doubt that it will henceforth be recommended as worth-while reading for classes studying the English novel, for it is a thorough study of the dandiacal, fashionable school of fiction which flourished in England between 1825 and 1845. Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, Mrs. Gore, Lady Charlotte Bury are prominent figures. One chapter is devoted to Henry Colburn, who published at least nine-tenths of the "Silver Fork" novels, and his refusal of *Vanity Fair*, the finest example of the fashionable novel.

More specialized than the other books I have mentioned, *The Silver-Fork School* would not be a good choice for a gentle reader with no knowledge at all of the history of the English novel; in its own field it has a tone of authority, and rightly so.

—BROWSER.



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Business Staff:

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